In Memoriam

Nellie Battle Lewis

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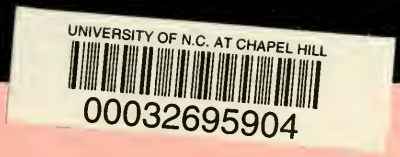

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A Memorial Sketch

of

Mrs. Richard H. Lewis.

By C. P. S.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love,
joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness,
goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

For Private Circulation.

The primary object of this sketch is to afford in the coming years to the occupants of "The Nellie Battle Lewis Memorial Cot" in St. John's Hospital, Raleigh, some idea of the rare and beautiful character of their benefactress.

It is proper to state that of the letters from which extracts are given, not one was written for any eye but that of private friendship. And this use has been made of them in nearly every case without asking permission of the writers; of not one of whom, however, can we conceive as objecting thus to assist in presenting a faithful portrait.

B05-19

THE only visible link between this life and the next, and the only work of our hands that does span the grave and follow us into the unseen world beyond, is what we accomplish in endeavoring to imitate Him who went about doing good. Doing good is unselfishness in action; it is work for others, and its field comprehends the smallest kindnesses of every-day life as clearly as the noblest exercise of public charity. The cup of cold water marks it, as well as the asylum, or the hospital, or the college. The loving smile, the cheering word, in this service may be more worthy of remembrance than all the world calls great outside of it.

She whose memory this sketch and the apartment in St. John's Hospital are meant to preserve was

but a young and tenderly nurtured woman, whose short life was wholly sheltered among home joys and home duties. There are few materials for a memoir, no conspicuous incidents, no special undertakings or achievements to note, yet she so lived in the daily exercise of gentle charity, patience, unselfishness, and love, as to become the center of light and sweetness to a large circle, diffusing an influence for good as unobtrusively as a flower sheds its fragrance. Her untimely death was like the withdrawal of the sunlight from the lives of those who loved her.

To delineate a character so rare and beautiful, and to put on record a few of the tributes which her death called forth, seem now the last grateful service we can do her, and the only means by which those who shall hereafter share the charity devoted to her memory can learn what she was.

Cornelia Viola, eldest child of Hon. Kemp P. and Martha A. Battle, was born in Raleigh, N. C., January 14, 1857. She was married to Dr. Richard H. Lewis, of Raleigh, February 13, 1877, became the mother of four children, all of whom survived her, and died October 13, 1886.

This brief record conveys the chief incidents of woman's life — birth, marriage, motherhood, and

death; these comprise the ordinary round of her important and sacred duties and ties, and there is seldom room for her to do more than so to fill these as to hear the "Well done" at last.

Mrs. Lewis's life may be said to have been a fortunate one, exceptionally blessed in parents, brothers, husband, children, and friends. She was gifted from her cradle with beauty and winning grace; she was surrounded with the advantages conferred by wealth, social position, and cultivation, and she grew up among the refining influences of a beautiful and well-ordered home, herself its fairest flower, its most attractive ornament. Far above all other blessings must be reckoned this: that she was the child of Christian parents, who, while sparing no pains to fit her for the duties of this life, were careful to lead her early in the Way Everlasting. Foreseeing the special dangers and temptations that awaited a girl so beautiful and so attractive, her devoted mother endeavored from childhood to develop in her the graces of humility and unselfishness. By these she was distinguished through life. Among other beautiful children, among other beautiful young women, Nellie Battle was marked by the modesty and simplicity of her manners, by her entire freedom from everything like self-assertion or vanity, and by her evident

anxiety for the happiness and comfort of all around her. The token of this disposition was on her face; she wore the tranquil, self-forgetting look which men have no other word for than "angelic."

The best influences of the Episcopal Church, of which she was a true child by birth, baptism, and ardent affection, shed the dew of their blessing on her young head. Bright as she was among her young friends, and innocently gay with other girls, these controlling, orderly, and gracious influences, setting the seal of early piety upon her character, gave it stability, dignity, and purpose. She was still very young when members of the family began to go to her for her opinion, to rely upon her prudence, and, if for nothing else, to be cheered by the fullness of her sympathy.

She was so remarkable for the gentleness and sweetness of her air and expression that where she was not well known the mistake might have been made of supposing that she lacked strength or energy of character. The reverse of this was true. Her father, her husband, her brothers, all prominent as men of high character, cultivation, and strong sense, habitually consulted her, relying not only on her sympathy, but on her judgment; and in this she could be very firm. Her convictions of duty were

always clear, and her truthfulness, her conscientiousness, were so absolute that her decisions imparted a sense of restfulness.

In all important relations Mrs. Lewis was loyalty itself. In religion, love, and friendship she could be relied upon to prove steadfast. She was not quick to form new ties, but her faith, once given, was true.

Not a few good women go through life acting, perhaps unconsciously, the part of absorbents. However fitted to be loved, and however much they receive, still of all they do receive they radiate but little. They sit at the receipt of things and are content. Mrs. Lewis was essentially a radiator. What she received she gave out. The devotion, the admiration, she excited she was always ready herself to bestow on others, putting them forward and enjoying their successes. Her accomplishments were at the service of others—her music, her voice, were always ready. To please her father, she made a special study of English and Scotch ballads, singing them with exquisite charm. For years she led the choir of Christ Church, giving much time and study to this service of song, in which she greatly delighted.

Her young ladyhood was a round of graceful pleasures and innocent triumphs, through all of which she remained thoroughly unspoiled; and upon her

happy marriage at the age of twenty, and entrance upon the serious duties of life, she was still the angel of the house in her new home, diffusing sweet content on all hearts there. It was characteristic of her that her marriage bated no jot of her loving service to her parents and brothers. They still felt her love and sympathy and her help in all their affairs, still looked to her for the light and blessing of their lives. She was a model wife and daughter-in-law, giving to all her husband's relatives the same loyalty she gave her own; but she never allowed her own, not even on her father's removal to Chapel Hill, to feel for a day that they had lost her.

To her children she was the ideal mother whom poets embalm in our hearts. Careful, judicious, and most tender, she gave them so much of her time and work that the wonder was how she still met the claims of society and friendship; yet one of the most frequent remarks in the sorrowing letters written after her death was this: "No one knows but myself what I have lost in her." Her summers were generally spent with her children at her father's house in Chapel Hill. One evening when all the family, with a visitor or two, were on the piazza enjoying the moonlight, her absence was remarked. "Oh," said one softly, "she is never out here at this hour; she makes

a religion of seeing her children put to bed herself and hearing them say their prayers." After a while she came out and quietly joined the circle, with the seal of this evening devotion on her fair forehead like a star. In her letters to her mother, all through the usual sweet nursery gossip that a fond young mother will pour out about her little ones, was constantly evident her serious purpose to secure their happiness by making them good. Once she wrote that she wanted to train them to share what they had—to be fond of giving: "I am beginning with the flowers, and teaching them to offer them to people." One little anecdote has a tender significance now. Writing to her mother that she had heard her little Kemp talking of some one dead as "out in the cemetery," she "did not want him to have the idea of their being there under the ground, and had endeavored to explain it to him," but did not think her talk had made any impression on him. "A day or two after, I heard Rosa say one of her family was out in the cemetery. 'No,' said Kemp, quickly and confidently, 'she ain't —her body is there, but *she* ain't.' "

Her close attention to her children was the more noticeable because their nurse was an elderly experienced woman of excellent character, who had been her own nurse in infancy and had her fullest confi-

dence. This good woman, Margaret Selby by name, though she had been freed by the war, had voluntarily returned to her young mistress when she learned that she had need of her, and joyfully assumed the charge of the new generation, deserving and receiving the affectionate regard of the whole family.

The tendency of the day is to loosen domestic ties of this sort, to ignore the existence between mistress and servant of such feelings as regard and fealty. It is the more pleasant and proper to record that they do exist. Here, at least, was one young mistress of a household who never gave a hasty or petulant word to her servants, and never received even a disobliging glance from them.

The last summer of Mrs. Lewis's life, spent as usual at her father's, she seemed to enjoy with heightened zest and interest in all things. The season was an exceptionally fine one, and "the glory of the grass and splendor of the flower" were never more marked. And she was never in better health, never more beautiful, more radiant, as with that inward peace which passes understanding. She was reading some new and valuable books, of which her appreciation was very keen. Her talk of men and things, of passing events, was unusually animated and discriminating.

Her judgments were specially full of consideration and charity. With what calm sweetness she spoke of things even that she disapproved! She was no talker, for she had no gift whatever for "taking the lead," and shrank from the slightest approach to it. But as a listener she was unequaled, with bright intelligence, and sweet laughter and sweet sayings, and withal a purity and delicacy of thought and expression that might have become an angel. This last summer of her mortal life, with no premonitions that it was to be the last, her fond, admiring friends rested with more entire content than ever upon the charm of her presence.

> Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
> And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
> And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
> And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
> Transfixed by Fate (who loves a lofty mark),
> How from the summit of the grove she fell,
> And left it silent and forlorn.

During some years of her married life, Mrs. Lewis had suffered from ill-health of a peculiarly trying nature. She bore it all with perfect composure. No one, not even her own tenderly beloved mother, can remember to have heard from her a word of com-

plaint or of impatience. She took what was laid upon her in silent submission, with true womanly delicacy, dignity, and fortitude. This experience seemed to fit her more completely for the character of consoler and sympathizer with all who were in affliction. On her recovery, her thoughtfulness for the sick was redoubled. She hastened to share with them her flowers, the delicacies of her table, or whatever of the good things of life she possessed. The sweet gravity that would overspread her lovely face on hearing a tale of woe was instantly succeeded by the brightness of her resolve to "do something." "What can I do?" "What ought I to do?" were her first thoughts.

But these she never spoke of. It was only indirectly that her friends ever knew that "something" had been done.

The final close of this life, so evidently "hid with Christ," was sudden. She was not well when she returned to Raleigh in September, but no especial apprehensions were felt till the last few days. On Wednesday morning, October 13, as her mother was hastening to her, "God's finger touched her, and she slept." She passed out gently and unconsciously, saying no farewell words.

Bright without spot she was,
And cannot cease to be.

It was the marked expansion of her charitable disposition, the evident growth of her wish to be doing good and setting her feet in the very print of her Master's steps, that made the endowment of a room in St. John's Hospital the most appropriate of all tributes to her memory. She had taken a deep interest in this charity from its first establishment, and now the doing good in which she found her chief happiness on earth may herein be indefinitely prolonged. Since her death, her Bible has been found, with many passages marked and noted with her own hand. These may be supposed to have been her favorites, the sailing orders, so to speak, by which she steered her course. Some of them were copied on the fly-leaves, as if she delighted to reiterate the words, and with certain dates all through the years, when certain truths were found especially precious to her soul. Love, and faith, and praise seem to have been the congenial topics. I. Cor. xiii. is lined throughout, Hebrews xi., Psalm cxlvii., and many detached texts inculcating patience, submission, humility.

I. Cor. x. 10. Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured.

I. Cor. xi. 31. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.

I. Cor. xvi. 14. Let all your things be done with charity.

I. John i. 7. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

II. Cor. i. 24. For by faith ye stand.

I. Thess. v. 18. In every thing give thanks.

James iv. 7. Submit yourselves therefore to God.

" 10. Humble yourselves.

" 11. Speak not evil one of another.

These, and many like them, were the manna on which this sweet soul fed, growing from day to day in the knowledge and love of her Lord.

Such characters form the ideal women. We turn to the old masters of English poetry and song to find them there embalmed. The "hidden strength" of the Lady in Comus was hers — the charm of "heavenly Una." Herrick, Herbert, Shakespeare, must have been inspired by such women. Wordsworth drew her likeness.

If any who read this sketch should say the hand of love has overdrawn its excellencies and presented a creature too bright and pure and good, let the subjoined tributes from other hands be read, and the extracts from a few of the many letters received by the mourning family. These show how she impressed

all who approached her. Friends old and young, mere passing acquaintances, old family servants—from far and near they wrote of her. As long as they live they will remember her as one whom God had especially blessed, and who so used His gifts as to be herself a blessing. And when this generation has passed away, as long as the noble work undertaken by St. John's Guild shall go on, the name of Nellie Battle Lewis will still be spoken and associated with it; and here, in works of love and charity, may yet be recalled

> . . . the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

From the Raleigh News and Observer, October 17, 1886.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. R. H. Lewis will carry a long and sincere sorrow to many hearts. She was well known throughout the State, and wherever known was deeply loved. Her whole life was a joy. She had the genius of unselfishness, and it was a delight to honor her. As a child, she was the pet of a sweet, Christian home, the pride of her school, the trusted friend of her playmates. Unconscious of her singular beauty, she was a stranger to envy, and her victories in the quieter contests of the school-room, while prized by her as merited rewards of duty well done, would have been dearer to her if she could have shared them with

those who had striven with her. Her sweet influence as a daughter and sister in a numerous household was one of the chief causes of its unalloyed happiness. In her judgments she was wise and judicious by intuition, and won others to them without offense. But her influence was wider than this. It followed in her train wherever she went. It made her companions better and happier. It was an unconscious, silent power that did good works. Of her devotion as a wife and a mother it is almost a trespass to speak. She lent an exquisite charm to everything about her. Her four little ones echoed the soft tones and gentle grace of the mother, and made for the happy, worthy father an ideal home. The very roses seemed to nod her welcome as she walked amongst her flowers. We cannot write that she is dead. We know that such a spirit cannot die. Such a life cannot die even here. Let us love to think that she has gone before any sorrow came. Her merry childhood, her happy youth, her cloudless married life, she had. Before a shadow had fallen about them, she had gone beyond the sun. Her life taught us how to live a higher life even here. It was an example of her faith, and was born of a resolution that never faltered, to do unto others what she would have others do to her. The poor will lack her constant charity. Worshipers will miss her sweet

voice in the anthems of praise. We will all miss our friend. May the patient resignation which the very strength of faith alone can give to answer the earnest prayers of those who were next to her, solace their broken hearts.

News and Observer.

The Funeral Services of Mrs. R. H. Lewis.

The special esteem in which Mrs. R. H. Lewis was held here was most touchingly illustrated yesterday. The last sad services over all that was mortal of this noble woman, so gentle and pure in character, and so greatly beloved by all residents of Raleigh, were attended by a congregation in which all the denominations in the city were represented. It was a mournful tribute to rare loveliness of personal character, and inexpressible sadness was felt by all present. The services at Christ Church were conducted by Rev. Bennett Smedes. Rev. F. M. Hubbard, D. D., was within the chancel. The sextette choir sang the 443d hymn. As the remains were carried out of the church, the choir sang "Jesus, lover of my soul." Upon the casket was an exquisite pillar of cut

flowers, on the top of which perched a snow-white dove with wings outspread, fit emblem of the gentle and lovely creature whose mortal remains indeed lay within the casket's narrow walls, but whose spirit, in very truth, is "not lost, but gone before."

The pall-bearers were Messrs. A. W. Knox, Charles E. Johnson, A. D. Mickle, Hugh Morson, F. H. Busbee, T. H. Briggs, S. F. Mordecai, and P. M. Wilson.

The Faculty of the University yesterday sent an exquisite floral tribute to be placed upon the casket of Mrs. R. H. Lewis, as a testimonial of their admiration for so pure and lovely a character, and as an added mark of respect for her distinguished father, the President of the University. The Raleigh Academy of Medicine sent a beautiful offering of cut flowers.

From the Southern Churchman, October 28, 1886.

In Memory of Mrs. Richard H. Lewis, of Raleigh, N. C.

At her home in Raleigh, N. C., on the morning of October 13, 1886, Cornelia Viola Battle, beloved wife of Dr. Richard H. Lewis of that city, and only daughter of Hon. Kemp P. and Martha A. Battle, of

Chapel Hill, N. C., entered into the paradise of her God. She fell asleep in the twinkling of an eye, to awake amid the transcendent glories of her Father's mansions. So swift and silent was her departure, we stand stunned and agonized, and in our mental gropings vainly cry out, "Why is it thus, O God Eternal, why is it thus?"

The good things of earth were hers, richly: a devoted husband, affectionate parents, lovely children, true-hearted brothers, a luxurious home, and the interest and admiration of many friends. The intellectual, moral, and spiritual training which had been prayerfully bestowed upon her from her childhood, budded, blossomed, and ripened into full fruition. She renewed her baptismal vows through the holy rite of confirmation, in her early girlhood, and her piety as wife, mother, daughter, sister, mistress, friend, proved that she was faithful and watchful to keep them. The poor rise up and call her blessed, for her generous hand knew no stint in its charities. Her servants loved her much, and the same nurse who cared for and watched over her own infancy, now cares for and watches over the infancy of her children.

Her personal beauty was of a rarely high type, and the smile that glorified her face as with a

seraphic loveliness—who that once beheld it can ever forget?

She possessed the gift of song preëminently, and her clear, pure notes have deserted the Christ Church choir only to swell the jubilee strains around the Great White Throne. The charm of her presence, the light touch of her hand, the melody of her voice, have now passed beyond the boundaries of time; but there remains a legacy of dear memories, which, like angel visits, beckon heavenward.

We know "it is well," for He doeth it, and we believe that He looks in mercy upon our bitter tears, and hears with compassion the heart-breaking sobs and soul-piercing sighs that bespeak a sore bereavement.

The perfect faith that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," is our *one* sure stay and comfort.

"Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief."

L. B. B.

EXTRACTS

FROM letters received from friends and relatives. We omit many beautiful letters which are simply consolatory, our object being to use only those passages which so speak of the character of Mrs. Lewis as to illustrate and confirm what we have written of her.

To Dr. R. H. Lewis.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 20, 1886.

It may seem almost like sacrilege to have her name mentioned now by one who is almost a stranger to you personally, but I feel that you, who possessed

the qualities of head and heart to win her love, will understand and forgive me. I need not tell you that I loved her like a sister, for who could see and know her and not love her?

When I first went to Raleigh in '71, I was very poor, and my education had been sadly neglected; yet I possessed all the pride of the family. I knew of my rich and cultured kin, and dreaded to meet them. Can you understand this? I felt so keenly my poverty and disadvantages, and I knew that I talked like a negro, and there was in my heart a bitter rebellion against fate for making of me what I was. When I went to Cousin Kemp's house I was looking for slights, and for some sign or hint that my company was not agreeable. My reception was a great surprise to me. I was received with kindness, and always treated with the greatest consideration by all the family—especially by dear old Aunt Lucy Battle (God bless her!)—and by your angel wife; for if ever there was an angel on earth, she was one to me. At this time she was only fifteen years old—a school-girl. I was a great deal in her company, and learned to know her well. She seemed intuitively to understand me at once. Whenever I made any bitter allusion to my hard lot, she would turn and look me full in the face with her soulful eyes, and

say in the sweetest voice: "Cousin Jesse, you are very young; you have plenty of time to get a good education yet, and make your fortune; only employ your hours well." At another time she said, "I am going to watch you; and some of these days I expect to see you a highly respected man, and rich.

What advice, and what encouragement to come from one so young! Sweet cousin! I can yet hear your kind words, I can yet see your lovely girlish face, and yet, and ever will, feel the power of your influence; for what I am to-day, and what I yet may be, I owe greatly to my meeting and association with you.

And now, my dear Dr. Lewis, you understand me when I tell you that you are no stranger to me. When I address you, I feel the double tie of kindred and of love. Yours is the greatest loss—how great, only you can estimate. But mine is great. I miss her, I mourn for her. I do not write to console you; for there is but one consolation for such a loss: that is, to bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Yours affectionately,

Jesse M. Battle.

To Dr. Lewis.

West Chester, Pa., Oct. 24, 1886.

I read the beautiful tribute to her in the paper you so kindly sent, with the warmest interest, feeling that every word was true, and from the pen of one who knew her well.

I think I never met any one who so quickly impressed me with the perfect truthfulness and nobility of her character, and yet with such modest grace. Her deep maternal love and care were evidenced by her lovely children, by their warm affection and their dutifulness. Truly the light of their eyes has gone out for them forever.

As men, we are forced to divide our thoughts, and new interests are constantly recurring. Our attention is diverted, though our hearts must remain sad and heavy. But the loss to these dear children must be hourly felt, and permanent. Her memory must be their guiding-star through life.

Your friend,

Willis P. Hazard.

To Dr. Lewis.

Burgaw, Oct. 19, 1886.

To know her was a benediction, and to associate with her was like reading a living epistle of God's grace and power over the human heart and life. O, that we could look upon death in its true character —the entrance into Life!

Affectionately,

Alex. L. Phillips.

To Dr. Lewis.

Chapel Hill, Oct. 16, 1886.

Our sorrow is but selfish, for we mourn for ourselves. When we think of her now, we ought to rejoice in her bliss—the glorious continuation of her life, and the expansion of her beautiful nature. The thought of how happy you made her life must always be a solace to you. Her devotion to you, her perfect loyalty, was shown in every act. She was indeed a loyal soul. Happy they who could call her friend.

How many beautiful scenes I can recall, with her as the central figure! This summer her friends in C. H. repeatedly remarked upon her increased loveliness and animation. She looked as if she had never had a thought that was not good. The last evening she passed with us was the last time she ever sang at the piano. She made her father sing with her once; we all thought she never had appeared lovelier, nor her voice more thrilling. She was rapidly nearing heaven even then, and I know of no one more fit to enter in and be at home there.

Your sincere friend,

JUNE SPENCER LOVE.

TO DR. LEWIS.

CHAPEL HILL, Oct. 17, 1886.

I have often said that I thought her more nearly perfect than any woman I ever knew. So beautiful in person, so amiable in disposition, so gentle, yet so true and steadfast, she drew all hearts to her.

Your friend,

JOHN MANNING.

To President Battle.

Washington City, Oct. 14, 1886.

In reason, there is no ground for sorrow, except for her little children. All that great tide of overwhelming emotion which swells your hearts has no rational source, however natural, and almost beyond control. A happy home in childhood and girlhood and wifehood; tender care all the while; warm friends; loving parents, husband, children; intelligent interest in and sympathy with what was passing in this interesting age; agreeable social connections and duties; a beautiful and consistent Christian life;—and, after all this, an early rest in heaven. What is there that you would ask for your beloved, that God in his mercy has not given her?

With great regard and great sympathy, your friend,

S. F. Phillips.

To Dr. Lewis.

Lilesville, Oct. 25, 1886.

I have read Mrs. S.'s memorial tribute with great interest; every word was *the truth*. I can say myself, truthfully, that I do not believe your dear Nellie

ever intentionally gave the slightest pang of pain to any human being. I am sure I never met a more perfect character in every way (unless it was my own dear mother). She surely kept the faith, and, having finished her course, now receives her reward among the spirits made perfect.

Very truly yours,

W. H. Battle.

To Mrs. K. P. Battle.

Cool Spring, Oct. 19, 1886.

I know so well the utter blank that faces you. Our dear daughters loved each other as sisters; were trained under the same system in childhood; both married happily, bore lovely children, beautified the lives of those around them by their rectitude, purity, and active charity, making each and all feel them as centers upon which the very existence of personal comfort and happiness revolved. But when the call came, and was answered, and we heard not even their receding footsteps as they left this earthly tabernacle, ah! then, how plain it was that if Jesus had sent us no comforter, our hearts and lives would lie hopelessly broken before such a demand.

There is the sweetest comfort in *knowing* that our dear ones were most dutiful to us,—true to their home lives, consecrated to their Maker, and humble in their endeavors to fulfill the vows they assumed as Christians.

Do you not recall their girlhood when together? The summer months, that sometimes brought sweet Nell to Warrenton, give me many backward glimpses of their beauty and happiness and gayety. May God bless us.

Ever affectionately,

L. B. Battle.

To Mrs. Spencer.

Raleigh, Feb. 1, 1887.

My knowledge of the heavenly beauty of her character came from years of intimate companionship. She was a revelation to me. In all my acquaintance I have never known such perfect purity as she displayed. The spotless lily was not fairer or whiter than her own soul—a soul which, as you know, shone ever through her lovely face, the light of it falling like a benediction on all who knew her well. And her truthfulness was not less remarkable—it

was inborn, and added to it by training was a tender conscientiousness, which led her to endeavor after accuracy in even the smallest matter. She was true as steel, and to her friends the very embodiment of the word *friend* in its best meaning,—ready with sympathy, wise in advice, and almost unerring in judgment.

Every day, as I go around her desolated home, I see continually evidences of her industry, of her foresight, of her thoughtfulness. How she, with her delicate health, ever accomplished so much, I cannot understand. Her presence is felt daily among us in all things, and her memory will ever be the most sacred influence in the home which she blessed with her beautiful example.

Very truly yours,

Annie B. Foreman.

To Col. Wm. E. Anderson.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15, 1886.

I am indeed shocked and grieved to my inmost heart, and can only say, Would to God I were at home!—not that I could hope to do anything, but to

assure the bereaved family of my heartfelt sympathy, and to perform for dear Mrs. Lewis the last service of the church. What a noble character she was! so exemplary and so modest withal, so lovely in all respects. No one could appreciate more fully than I her beautiful nature, or her perfect loyalty to her church and her rector.

Faithfully yours,

M. M. Marshall.

To Mrs. K. P. Battle.

Beirut, Syria, Dec. 1, 1886.

Dear Mrs. Battle:

Mrs. Post gave me this morning a copy of the *North Carolina Presbyterian* of Oct. 20th, in which we read a "Letter from Chapel Hill."

Dr. Fisher and I wish to express to you our deepest sympathy in the loss of your daughter, whom (though we met her but once, on her recent visit to N. Y.) we remember as one of the most charming women we have ever known.

Yours very sincerely,

Mary Shaw Fisher.

To Dr. Lewis.

Savannah, Ga., Nov. 27, 1886.

My dear Dr. Lewis:

I have never known more widespread and sincere grief upon the passing away of one young life than is expressed over her departure. I have always felt that I knew her much better than our short personal acquaintance seemed to warrant. It was because of her engaging and sympathetic manners, and because I had heard so much of her before we met. I expected a great deal, and every anticipation was realized. I shall never forget how I was thrilled by her beauty as she entered the Scriven House parlor to meet me. Since then I have always enjoyed hearing all that friends could tell me of you and of her—of her loveliness, and of your united happiness. I remember Mrs. B. could scarcely say enough of the impression she made on her. She ended by saying, "I don't believe she ever had a wrong thought." You would not wish to bring her back—she is "numbered now with the saints in glory everlasting."

Most truly your friend,

Daisy King.

To Mrs. Foreman.

Chapel Hill, Feb. 14, 1887.

I thank you very much for your letter. It is hard to write anything about Nellie Battle Lewis so as not to appear over-eulogistic, exaggerated. It is not that death has thrown a veil over defects, and bid us remember only her virtues. She was, in all sober truth, a very unusual character. I never had a conversation with her that I did not feel the secret strength as well as the visible sweetness that was in her. She was so mild, so unobtrusive, something so childlike in little ways and looks of hers, that not a few passing acquaintances concluded she was only this and nothing more. I do not believe that any one could have talked with her on serious subjects, on matters of importance, without being sensible of the dignity of her mind—the stability, the intelligence, the good taste, the exquisite delicacy, the true womanliness. Ah, well! we might have known that such are always called. Her face had early the light that was never on sea or shore—the light that attends the close and closer walk with God that soon ends in his rest.

Yours very truly,

C. P. Spencer.

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